

## Be Careful What You Wish For!

by Arden Davidson



Arnie the apple hung from a tree  
in an orchard a mile wide.  
And every day the pickers would come  
and haul dozens of apples inside.

They'd pick the prettiest of the bunch,  
filling their baskets and pails.  
But they always passed by Arnie,  
ignoring his whines and wails.

"Please pick me!", Arnie would cry  
each time the pickers sauntered by.  
"I want to go inside with you!",  
cried Arnie till he turned bright blue.

But the pickers ignored him day after day,  
while Arnie hung there in dismay,  
trying to nurse his shattered pride,  
dying to be picked to be taken inside.

Each new dawn he'd do a trick  
like spinning around on his twig.  
But the picky pickers never stopped  
for apples that weren't big

or juicy or red or bright or sweet.  
Poor Arnie was none of these things.  
He wasn't completely quite full grown  
and he had some nicks and dings.

He dreamed what it was like inside;  
lights and music all around.  
Arnie just wanted to go there so badly  
he flung himself to the ground.

The next day the pickers came along  
and saw him lying there.  
They took him inside and Arnie thought,  
"This is it! I'm finally there!"

But when Arnie the Apple looked around  
he realized his dreams were false,  
'cause in less than 15 minutes  
he was Arnie Applesauce.

### **LET'S CHAT ABOUT THE POEM**

Below is a question you might like to think about either on your own  
or it would also be nice to chat to other members of your family  
about it too.

#### **Gratitude**

**Arnie the Apple doesn't notice the lovely things about his current situation because he is so desperate to be picked. What do you think this poem says about the importance on focussing on what is happening right now?**